

# DAIPHANTVS,

OR

## The Passions of Loue.

Comicall to Reade,

But Tragicall to Act:

As full of Wit, as Experience.

By An. Sc. Gentleman.

*Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula carina.*

Wherenvnto is added,

*The passionate mans Pilgrimage.*



LONDON

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# TO THE MIGH TIE, LEARNED, and Ancient Potentate *Quis quis*, Imperour of + King of Great and Little A. Prince of B. C. and D. &c.

*Allois*, wisheth the much increase of true Subiects,  
free from *Passion Spleene*, and *Melancholy*: and  
indued with *Virtue*, *Wisdom*, and *Magnanimitie*.

Or, to the Reader.



A Epistle to the Reader; why that must have  
but forehead, or first entrance like a Courser,  
Faire-spoken, and full of Expectation. His  
middle or Center like your Cities ware-houſe,  
beauitied with inſinc vanities, though the true  
Riches conſift of Bald Commodities. His Ran-  
dom or conciſion like The Lawyers Case, able  
to pocket *or* any matter: But let good word be your best Evidence.  
In the Generall, or Foundation be must be like Paules-Church, re-  
ſolved to let every Knight and Gull traveſt upon him, yet his Par-  
ticulars, or Lyneaments may be Royall at the Exchange, with a cen-  
ding ſtep, promising Newe but costly demeures & faſtions: It must haue  
Teeth like a Satyre, Eyes like a Crytieke, and yet may your Tongue  
ſpeak fal e Latine, like your Panders and Bardes of Poetrie. Your  
Genius and Species ſhould march in battle array, with our Potentia-  
ians: yet your Genius ought to liue with an honest ſoule indeed. It  
ſhould be like the Neuer-too-well read Arcadia, where the Prole  
and Verce, Matter and Words are like his Millies eyes are full  
excelling another and without Corimall, or to come home to the vul-  
gars Element, like Friendly Shakeſpeares Tragedies, where  
the Comedian rideth, when the Tragedian ſtands on Tip-toe:  
Faith ſhould please all, like Prince Hamlet. But to ſadneſſe, then  
a were to be feared he wouid runne made Inoothl woul not be moone-  
ſieke, to pleafe: nor out of my wiſe though I diſpleaſed all What? o-  
er, are you in Paſſion, or out of Love? This is as Strange as Tri e:

Well, well, if I seeme mistisall, or tyrannicall, whether I be a Foole  
or a Lords-Ingle, alls one: If you be angry, you are not well advised.  
I will tell you tis an Indian Humour, I haue snuffe vp from dianing  
Tabacco: and tis most Gentleman-like to puffe it out at any place  
or person. He no Epistle, (it were worse then one of Hercules La-  
bours) But will conclude, honestie is a mans best vertue. And but  
for the Lord Mayor, and the two Sherifffes, the Innes of Court, and  
many Gallants elsewhere this last yeare might haue bene burned. As  
for Momus, Carpe and Barke who will, if the Noble Alle bray  
not, I am as good a Knight Poet, as Etatis suæ, Master An.Dom.  
Some in Law. Let your Crytike looke to the Rowels of his spurs,  
the pad of his Saddie, and the Jerke of his Ward: then let him ride  
me and my Rimes as hotely as he would ride his Mistresse, I care not:  
We shall meete and be friends againe, with the breaking of a Speare  
or two: And who would do lesse, for a faire Lady. There I leaue you,  
where you shall ever finde me.

Passionate Daiphantus: Your loving Subiect,

Gives you to understand, He is A man in Print, and is enough  
he bath under-gone a Pressing (yet not like a Ladie) though for  
your sakes and for Ladys, protesting for this poore Infant of his  
Brayne, as it was the price of his Virginie borne into the world in  
teares; So (but for a many his deare friends that sooke much paines  
for it) it had ayed, and never bene laught at: And that if Truth hauo  
wrote lesse then Fixion, yet its better to erre in Knowledge then in  
Judgment. Also if he haue caught vp half a Line of any others, It was  
out of his Memorie not of any ignorance. Why, he Dedicateth it to  
all, and not to any Particular, as his Mistresse, or So. His an-  
swere is, he is better Borne, than to creepe into Womens Fauours,  
and aske their leaue afterwards. Also he desirith you to helpe Cor-  
rect such errors of the Printer; which because the Authour is dead  
(or was out of the Citie) hath beeene committed. And twas his foly,  
or the Stationers, You had not an Epistle to the purpose.

Thuslike a Louer, wodes he for your Fauor,  
VVhich if You grant then *Omnia vincit Amor.*



## The Argument.



*Aiphantus*, a younger Brother, very honourably descended, brought vp (but not borne in *Venice*) naturally subiect to Courting, but not to Loue: reputed a man, rather full of Complement then of true Curtesie: more desirous to be hought honest, then so to be wordish beyond discretion: promising more to all the friend-ship could challenge: Metable in all his Actions, but his affections aiming indeed, to gaine opinion, rather then goodwill, challdging Loue from greatnesse, not from Merit: studious to abuse his owne wit by the common sale of his infamies: Lastly, vnder the colour of his naturall affection (which indeed was very pleasant and delightfull) ouected to disgrace every other to his owne discontent: a scourge to Beautie, a traytor to Women, and an Infidell to Loue. This He, th's creatures at length falleth in loue with two at one instant: yea, two of his neerest Allies, and so indifferently (yet outrageously) as what was commendable in the one, was admirable in the other: By which meanes as not de pised, nor regarded; if not deceiu'd not pittied; they esteemed him as he was in Deed, not words: he protested, they iested: hee swore hee lou'de in fadnesse; they in sooth beleev'de but seemed to give no crepence to him: thinking him to be no worse as no resolution could long be good, & holding this his attestation to them of affection in that kinde, more then his contesting against it before time. Thus ouercome of that he seemed to conquer, he became a slave to his owne fortunes: Laden with much miserie, vtter mischiche feazei vpon him. He fell in

## The Argument.

loue with another, A wedded Ladie: Then with a fourth, named *Vividia*. And so farre was he imparadized in her beautie (she not recomforting him) that he fell from Loue to passion, so to distraction, then to admiration, & contemplation: lastly, to madnes: thus did he act ¶ tragical Sceenes, who onely pend the Comicall, Because, if not as brutish as *Aleem*, as furious as *Orlando*, of whole humours, and Passions, I had rather you should read them, then I Act them. In the end, by one (or rather by all) hee was recovered. A voyce did mad him, and a Song did recure him: Foure in one sent him out of this world, and one with foure redeemed him to the world. To whose vauishall streynes in Musick, and emphatical Emphasis of *Loue*, I will leaue you to turne ouer a new Leafe: This only I will end with:

*Who of Loue should better write,  
Than he that Loue learnes to indite?*





## D A I P H A N T V S

### Proem.

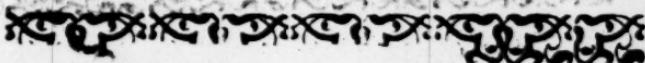
I Sing the olde World in an Infant Storie,  
I sing the new World in an auncient Dittie :  
I sing this World : yea, this worlds shame and glory,  
I sing a Medley, of rigor, and of Pittie:  
I sing the Courts, Cyties, and the Countrey fashions,  
Yet sing I but of loue, and her strange passions.

I sing that Antheme, Louers sigh in sadnesse,  
I sing sweete tunes of joyes in wo-ven Verses :  
I sing those Lnes I once did act in madnesse,  
I sing and weepe, (teares follow Births and Herses.)  
I sing a Dirge, a Furie did indight it,  
I sing My Selfe, whilst I my Selfe do write it.

I invocate (to grace my Artlesse labor)  
The faithfull Goddesse, men call Memorie,  
(True Poets treasure and their wits best fauour)  
To decke my Muse with truest Poesie.

Though Loue write wel, yet Passio blindex th'affection,  
" Man ne're rules right, that's in the least subiection.

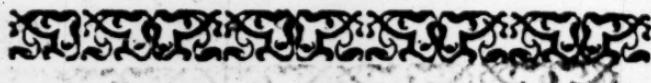
Sweete Memorie (soules bise) new life increasing,  
The eye of Justice, tongue of eloquence;  
The locke of Larning, Fountaine never ceasing,  
The Cabinet of Secrets, Caske of Sence,  
Which gonern't Nature, teacheth man his awe,  
That art all Conscience, and yet rulest by Law.





## Daiphantus Proem.

Blesse (thou) this Loue long ayre of my best wishes,  
(Thou art the parent nourishest desire)  
Blow gentle winds, & set me at my Blisses,  
, Loue stulmouts high, though Louers not aspire.  
My Poem's truth, &ond Poets seigne, is pleasure,  
, A Loving Subject, is a Poetes treasure.





# THE PASSIONS OF LOVE.

In Venice faire; the Citie most admir'd  
There liu'da Gallant, who *Da phantus* hight,  
Right Nobly borne, well Letter'd, Lou'd, Desir'd,  
Of euery Courtyer in their most delight:  
, So full of Pleasaunce, that he seem'd to be,  
, A man begot in *Venus* infancie.

His face was faire, full comely was his feature,  
Lip't like the Cherrie, with a Wantons eye:  
A Mars in anger, yet a *Venus* Creature,  
Made part of *Cynthia*, most of *Mercurie*:  
A pittied soule, so made of *Loue* and hate,  
Though still belou'd, in *Loue* vnforniate.

Thus made by Nature, *Fortune* did conspire,  
To ballance him, with weight of *Cupids* Wings:  
Passant in *Loue*, yet oft in great desire;  
Sudden in *Loue*, not stayd in any thing:  
He courted all, not lou'd, and much did striue,  
To die for *Loue*, yet never meant to wiue.



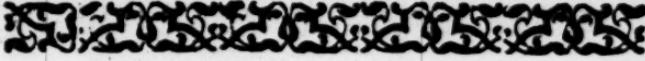
## The Passions of Loue.

As Nature made him faire, so likewise wittie,  
(She not content) his thoughts thus very fickle,  
Fortune that gain'd him, plac'd him in this Citie  
To wheele his head, which she had made most tickle  
Fortune made him belou'd and so distraught him,  
His reynes let forth, he fell, and Cupid caught him.

Not farre from Venice, in an Abbie faire,  
(Well wal'd about) two worthy Ladyes dwelt,  
Who Virgins were; so sweet and Debonayre  
The ground they trod on, of their odour smelt:  
Two Virgin-Sisters (matchlesse in a Pheare)  
Had liued Virgins, wel-nigh eightene yeare.

Euriale the Elder Sister's nam'd  
The other was Vrania, the wise:  
Nature for making them was surely blam'd  
Venus her selfe, by them all did despise.  
Such beauties, with such vertue, So combind  
That al exceeds; yet nought exceeds their mind.

Euriale, so shewes as doth the Sunne,  
When mounted on the continent of Heauen:  
Yet oft she's clowded, but when her glorie's come  
Two Suns appeare to make her glory euen. (bright  
, Her smiles lends brightnes, when the Sun's not  
, Her looks giue beauty, whē the sun lends light.  
Her



## The Passions of Loue.

Modest and humble of *Nature* milde and sweete,  
Vnmatch'd beauty with her vertue meeting:  
Proud that her lowly bezaunce doth regret  
With her chast silence ("Vertue euer keeping.)

, This is the Sunne, that sets, before it rise,  
, This is a Starre. No lesse are both her eyes.

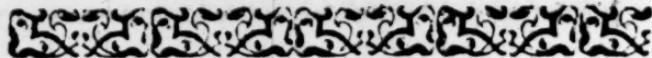
Her beautie pearlesse, pearlesse is her minde,  
Her body matchlesse, matchlesse are her thoughts  
Her selfe but one, but one like her we finde,  
Her wealth's her vertue: (such vertue is not bought  
, This is a heauen on earth, makes her diuine;  
, This is the Sunne, obscures where it doth shir.

*Yrania* next (Oh that I had that Art  
Could write her worth) her worth no eye may see:  
Or that her tongue (oh heauen) were now my hart  
what siluer Lincs in showres should drop from me:  
My heart she krepes, how can I then indite?  
, No heart-lesse creature, can *Loue-passions* write.

As a blacke vaile vpon the wings of morne,  
Brings forth a day as cleere as *Venus* face,  
Or, a faire Iewell by an *Ethiope* worne,  
Inricheth much the eye, which it doth grace,  
Such is her beautie, if it well be told,  
Plac't in a Iettie Chariot set with gold.

Her





## The Passions of Loue.

Her haire, Nights Canopic in mourning weedes  
Is still inthron'd, when lockt within is lecne  
A Deitie, drawne by a paire of Steedes  
Like *Venus* eyes, And it the like haue beene  
    Her eyes two radiant Starres, but yet diuine;  
    Her face daies-sun, (heauen al)it once they shine.

Vpon the left side of this heauenly feature,  
(In Curious woike) Nature hath set a Seale,  
Wherein is writ: *This is a matchlesse Creature:*  
Where wit and beautie striues for the appéale.  
    The Judges cholde are *Loue & Fancie*; They rife,  
    And looking on her, with her left their eyes.

Her Wit and Beautie, were at many fraies,  
Whether the deepe impressions did caule:  
*Nature*, said Beautie; *Art*, her Wit did praise: (plause.  
*Loue*, thought her face; her tongue had *Truths* ap-  
    Whilst they contend, which was the better part;  
I lent an Eie, She rob'd me of my heart.

Sisters these two are, like the Day and Night,  
Their glories by their vertues they doe Merit:  
One as the Day to see the others night,  
The others Night, to shadow a high Spirit:  
    ,, It all were Day, how could a Louer rest?  
    ,, Or if all Night, Louers were too much blest.

Both



*The Passions of Loue.*

Both faire. As eke their bodies tall and slender,  
Both wise, yet Silence shewes their modestie:  
Both graue, although they both are yong & tender:  
Both humble hearted : Not in Pollicie

So faire, wise, graue, and humble are esteem'd,  
, Yet what men see, the worst of them is deem'd.

, Nature, that made them faire, doth loue perfection;  
, What youth counts wisdō, Age doth bring to trial,  
, Graue years in youth: in Age needs no direction:  
, An humble heart deserues, findes no denyall.

Faires ring their Knells, & yet Fame never dies,  
, True Iudgement's frō the hart, not from the eies.

These two, two Sisters, Cozens to this Louer;  
He often courts, As was his wonted fashion:  
Who sweares alls fayre / yet hath no heart to prove  
Seems still in Loue, or in a Louers passion, (her,  
Now learn's this Lesson, & Loue-scoffers find it,  
, Cupid hits rightest whē Louers do least mind it.

Although his guise were fashion'd to his mind,  
And wording Loue, As complement he vsde,  
Seem'd still to iest at Loue, and Louers kind,  
Never obtainde, but where he was refusde:  
Yet now, his words with wit loare rewarded,  
He loues, loues two, loues all; of none regarded.

C Now

## The Passions of Loue.

New he that laught to heare true Louers sigh  
Can bite his Lippes,vntill his heart doth bleed :  
Who lyb'd at al,loues al;ech daies his night, (meed  
Who Icorn'd,now weeps & howles,writes his own  
,He that would handy Loue,is now the Ball,  
,Who fear'd no hazard,himself hath tane the fall.

,Beautie and Vertue,who did praise the fashion,  
,VVho Loue and Fancie thought a Comodie,  
,Now is turn'd Poet, and writes Loue in Passion,  
,His Verses fits the bleeding Tragedie:

In Willow weeds right wel he acts his part,(hart.  
,His Sceanes are teares, whose Embryon was his

He loues,where loue,to all doth proue disaster,  
,His eyes no sooner see,but hee's straight blind;  
His kindred,friends,or foes,he followes faster  
Then his owne good;he's now but too too kind:

He that spent all, would faine find out loues trea.  
Extremities are for extreams the measure. (lure,

Thus thinkes he of the words he spent in vaine;  
And wishes now his tongue had Eloquence :  
Hee's dumbe,all motion(that)a world could gaine,  
A Centre now without circumferenc e : (Art,  
Cupid with words,who fought:would teach him  
Hath lost his tongue, and with it left his hart.

He

## The Passions of Loue.

, He sweares he loues, (the heat doth proue the fire)  
, He weepes his Loue, his teares shew his affection,  
, He writes his Loue, his Lynes plead his desire,  
, He sings his Loue, the Dittie mournes the action,  
He sings, writes, weeps & sweares, that he's in sadnes  
, It is beleeu'd, not cur'd, Loue turnes to madnes.

, Loue once dissembled, Oaths are a grace most slen-  
, Teares oft are heard *Embassadours* for beauty : (der,  
, Words writ in gold, an yron heart may render :  
, A passion song shewes much more hope thē duty,  
Oaths spoke in teares, words song, proue no true  
, A fained Loue, must find a fained pitty. (Ditty,

Thus is the good *Daiphantus* like the Flie  
Who playing with the candle feeleſ the flame,  
, The ſmiles of icorne, are Louers miserie,  
, That ſoule's moſt vext, is grieued with his name.  
Though kind *Daiphantus*, do moſt loue protest,  
, Yet is his croſſe, ſtill to be thought in iect.

Poore torturde Louer, like a periurde ſoule,  
Sweares till hee's hoarſe, yet neuer is beleeu'd,  
, (Whofc once a Villaine, ſtill is counted foulc)  
, Oh wofull pittie, when with winde releeu'de, (be  
, Learns this by rote, Though Loue vnconſtant  
, They muſt proue conſtant, wil her comforts ſee.



## The Passions of Loue.

Now to the humble heart of his dread Saint,  
*Euriale*, he kneels, but's not regarded:

Then to *Vrania*, sighes till he growes faint,  
Such is her wit, In silence hee's rewarded:

, His humble voyce, *Euriale* acculeth,  
, His sighing Passion, *Vrania* refuleth.

, Then lifts he vp his e<sup>t</sup>yes, but Heauen frowneth,  
, Bowes downe his head: Earth is a Massle of sorrow:  
, Runnes to the seas , the sea, it stormies and howleth;  
, Hies to the woods, the Birds sad tunes do borrow:

Heauē, Earth, sea, Woods & al things do cōspire,  
, He burne in Loue, yet friese in his desire.

The Ladyes Iest, command him to feigne still,  
Tell him how one day, he may be in loue,  
That Louers reason, hath not Loues free will:  
Smile in disdaine, to thinke of that he proues.

, Oh, me *Daiphantus*, howart thou aduis'd?  
, When hee's leſſe pittied, then he is despis'd.

They hold this but his humour, seeme so wise,  
And many Louers stories forth do bring, (Flies,  
Court him with Shaddowes, whileſt hee catcheth  
Byting his fingers till the blood forth spring,

Then do they much cōmend his careles passion,  
, Call him a Louer of our Courtiers Fashion.

All

## The Passions of Loue.

All this doe they ia modestie; yet free  
From thinking him to honest as in truth,  
Much lesse so kinde, as to loue two or three,  
Him neere allied, and he himselfe a Youth:

,Till with the sweat which from his luffrings aise,  
,His face is pearled, like the lights his eyes.

Then with his looke-down-cast, & trembling hand,  
A high Dutch colour, and a Tongue like yee,  
Apart with this *Euriale* to stand  
Endeuours He; This was his last diuice;  
, Yet in so humble straines this Gallant courts her,  
, The wind being hiē, his breath it never hurts her

Speechles thus standes he, till she fear'd him dead,  
And rubbes his temples, calls and cryes for ayde:  
Water is fetcht and spung'd into his head,  
Who then startes vp: from dreaming as he sayd,  
And craving absence of all but this Saint,  
He gan to court her, but with a heart right faint.

Bright starre of *Phæbus*, Goddess of my thought,  
Behold thy Vassall, humbled on his knee :  
Behold for thee, what Gods and Art hath wrought,  
A man adoring, of Loue, the lowest degree :  
I loue, I honor thee : (no more) There stayde,  
As if forsworne: Euen so was he affrayde.

## The Passions of Loue.

*Euriale* now spake (yet seem'd in wonder)  
Her lips when parting, heauen did ope his treasure,  
Oh do not, do not loue; I will not lunder  
A heart in two, Loue hath nor height nor measure,  
Lieue still a Virgin; Then He be thy louer, (her.  
Heauē here did close; no toong could after moue

As if in heauen he was rauish'd so,  
Oh Loue, oh Voice, oh Face, which is the glorie:  
Oh Day, oh Night, oh Age, oh worlds of Ioy,  
Of euery part true loue might write a storie,  
,,Conuert my sighes, oh to some angells tongue,  
,,To die for Loue is life, death is best young.

She gone, *Vrania* came; he on the flower,  
But sight of her reui'd this noble lyre;  
And as if *Mars* did thunder: words did shower,  
,,(Loue speakes in heate, when tis in most desire)  
She made him mad, whose sight had him reui'de  
Now speaks he plainly: stormes past faire is glide.

Why was I made? to beare such woe and griefe?  
Why was I borne? But in Loue to be norisht?  
Why then for Loue; Loue of all vertues chiefe,  
And I not pittied, though I be not cherisht?  
What? did my eyes offend in vertue seeing?  
Oh no; true vertue is the Louers being.

Beauty

## The Passions of Loue.

„Beautie and vertue,are the twins of life,  
„Loue is the mother which them forth doth bring:  
„Wit with discretion ends the Louers strife,  
„Patience with silence is a glorious thing.

„Loue crownes a man,loue giues to al due merit,  
„Men without loue,are bodies without spirit.

„Loue to a mortall;is both life and treasure,  
„Loue changd to wedlocke, doubleth in her glory,  
„Loue is the Iem,whose worth is without measure,  
„Fame dies,if not intombe within Loues storie.

„Man that liues,liues not,if he wants content,  
„Man that dies,dies not,if with Loues consent.

Thus spake *Daiphantes*, and thus spake he well,  
Which wise *Vrania* well did vnderstand,  
So well she like it,As it did excell:  
Now grac'd she him,with her white slender hand.  
With words most sweet,A colour fresh and faire,  
In heauenly speech,she gan his woes declare.

My good *Daiphantus*: Loue it is no toy,  
*Cupid* though blind,yet strikes the heart at last, (toy,  
His force you feele whose power must breed your  
This is the meede for scoffs you on him cast. (quite,  
You loue,who scorn'd,your loue with (corne is  
You loue yet want,your loue with want is spight.

Loue

## The Passions of Loue.

„Loue playes the Wanton, where she meanes to kill,  
„Loue rides the Foole, and spurs without direction:  
„Loue weepes like you, yet laughs at your good wil:  
„Loue is of all things, but the true contention;  
„Loue is of euery thing: yet it self's but one thing;  
„Loue is any thing; yet indeed is nothing.

Wee Virgins know this; (though not the force of  
For we two Sisters liue as in a Cell:                   (Loue)  
Nor do we scorne it, though we it not approue,  
By Prayer we hope, her charmes for to repel.

And thus adew: But you in Progresse goe,  
To finde fit place to warble forth your woe.

„Who first seekes mercie, is the last for griefe :  
Thus did shee part; whose Image stayd behind,  
He in a trance stands mute, finds no reliefe,  
(For she was absent; whose tongue pleal'd his mind)  
But like a hartlesse, & a hurellesse Creature,  
In admiration of so sweete a Feature.

At length look't vp; his shaddow onely seeing,  
Sighs to himselfe and weeps; yet silent stands,  
Kneels, riseth, walkes, all this without true being,  
Sure he was there; though fetred in Loues-bands:

„His lips departed; Parted were his blisses,  
„Yes for pure Loue, each lip the other kisses.

Reui'd



## The Passions of Loue.

Reuiu'd by this, or else Imagination,  
Recalls things past, the time to come laments,  
Records his Loue, but with an acclamation,  
Repents him selfe, and all these Accidents:

Now with the wings of Loue he gins to raise,  
His Loue to gaine, thus women he doth prale.

, Women than Men are purer creatures farre,  
, The soule of soules, the blesled gift of Nature,  
, To men a heauen, To men the brightest starre,  
, The pearle that's matchles; high without al stature,  
, So full of goodnes, that bounty waiteth still  
, Vpon their trencher, feeds them with free-will.

Where seeke we vertue, learne true Art or glory?  
Where finde we ioy that lasteth, still is spending?  
But in sweet women of mans life the Storie,  
, Alpha they are, Omega is their ending :  
Their vertues shine with such a sun of brightnes,  
, Yet he's vnwise that looks in them for Lightnes.

Oh let my Pen relate mine owne decay,  
There are, which are not (or which should not be)  
Some shap't like saints, whose steps are not the way:  
Oh, let my Verse, nor name their infamie,  
, These hurt not all; but eu'en the wandring eye,  
, VVhich fondly gapes for his owne misterie.

D

These

## The Passions of Loue.

These do not harm me, the Honest or the Lust,  
The faithfull Louer, or the vertuous Dame :  
But thole whose oules be onely giuen to Lust,  
Care more for pleasure, then for worthy Fame.

But peace my *Muse*, for now me thinkes I heare,  
An Angels voyce come warbling in my eare.

Not distant farre, within a Garden faire,  
The sweete *Intia* lang vnto her Lute :  
Her voyce charande *Cupid*, and perfumde the Aire,  
Made beasts stand still, and birds for to be mute.

Her voice & beauty prou'd so sad a ditty, (pitty.  
Who saw was blind, who heard, soone sued for

(This Ladie was no Virgin, like the rest,  
Yet neare allied.) By *Florence Cutie* dwelling  
Nature, and Art, within her both were blest,  
Musicke in her, and Loue had his excelling :  
To visite her faire Cozens of the same,  
Perhaps more iocound, but no whit to blame.

*Fortune* had crost her with a churlish Mate,  
(Who *Strymon* hight) A Palmer was his Syre:  
Full Nobly borne, And of a wealthy state,  
His sonne a childe, not borne to his desire.  
Thus was she crost, which caused her thereby,  
*Daiphantus* griefe to mourne by Simpathie.

*Daiphantus*

The Passions of Loue.

*Daphantus* hearing such a Swan-tun'd voyce,  
Was rauisht, as with Angells Melodie,  
Though in this Laborinth blest, could not reioyce,  
Nor yet could see, what brought this Harmony.

At length this Goddesse ceast; he gan'd draw neare,  
, Who whē he saw, he saw not, t'was her spheare.

Away then crept he, on his knees and hands,  
To hide himself, thoght *Venus* came to plague him,  
Which she espying "like the Sunne she stands,  
, As with her beames, she thought for to awage him:  
,, But like the Sun, which gaz'd on, blinds the eie,  
,, So He by her, and so relou'd to die.

At this in wonder, softly did she pace it,  
Yet suddenly was stayd. His Verses ceaz'd her  
Which he late writ, forgot, thus was he grac't,  
She read them ouer, and the writing pleasd her:  
, For *Cupid* fram'd two *Mottoes* in her hart,  
, The one as *Dian's*, the other for his Daut.

, She read & pittied, reading pittie taught:  
,, She Lou'd and hated, Hate to loue did turne:  
,, She lmilde & wep', her weeping smiling brought:  
,, She hop't & tear'd, her hopes in feare did mouine:  
She read, lou'd, smil'd & hop't, but twas in vaine;  
, Her teares still dread, & pity, hate did gaine.

## The Passions of Loue.

✓ She could haue lou'd him, such true verses making,  
She might haue lou'd him, and yet loue beguiling,  
She would haue kist him, but fear'd his awaking,  
She might haue kist him, and sleep tweetyl smiling.  
She thus afeard, did teare what she most wished;  
He thus in hope, still hop'd for that he missed.

He lookte, They two, long each on other gazed,  
Sweet silence pleaded, what each other thought,  
Thus Loue and Fancie both alike amazed,  
As if their tongues and hearts had bin distraught.

*Artesias* voyce, thus courted him at length,  
The more she spake the greater was his strength.

Good gentle Sir, your Fortunes I hemone,  
And wish my state so happy as to easse you,  
But she that grieude you, She it is alone, (pease you,  
Whose breath can cure, and whole kind words ap-  
VVere I that She, heauē should my star extinguish,  
If you but lou'd me, ere I would relinquish.-

Yet noble Sir, I can no loue protest,  
For I am wedded, (oh word full fraught with woe)  
But in such manner, as good loue is blest,  
In honest kindnesse, Ile not proue your foe:  
Mine owne experiance doth my counsell proue,  
„I know to pittie, yet not care to loue.

A S

## The Passions of Loue.

A Sister, yet nature hath given me  
A virgin true, right faire, and sweetly kind;  
It for her good, Fortune hath driuen me  
To be a comfort: your heart shall be her minde,  
My woes yet tells me, she is best a maide:  
And heere shee stopt her teares, her words thus

*Daiphantes* then in number without measure  
Began her praises which no Pen can end,  
Oh Saint, oh Sun of heauen and earth the treasure:  
Who liues if not thy honour to defend?  
„Ah me, what mortall can be in loue so strange,  
„That wedding vertue will a whoring range?

She like the morning is still fresh and faire,  
The Elements of her, they all do borrow:  
The Earth, the Fire, the VVaters, and the Ayre,  
There strength, heate, moisture, liuelines: no sorrow  
Can vertue change? beauty hath but one place,  
The hearts still perfect; though impalld the face.

Oh eyes, no eyes, but Stars still cleerly shining,  
Oh face, no face, but shape of Angells fashion:  
Oh lips, no lips, but blisse, by kisse refining,  
Oh heart, no heart, but of true loue right Passion,  
Oh eyes, face, lips, and heart, if not too cruell,  
To see, feele, tast, and loue, earths rarest Jewell!

The Passions of Love.

VThis said, he paus'd, new praises now deuising,  
Kneels to *Apollo*, for his skill and Art,  
When came the Ladies, At which he arising,  
Twixt lip, and lip, he had nor lips nor heart.  
His eyes, their eyes, so sweetly did incumber,  
Although awak't, yet in a golden slumber.

Most like a Lion, rais'd from slumbring easie,  
He cast his lookes full grimly them among:  
, At length, he firmly knit what might appease  
, His Brow: lok't stedfastly and long  
, At one: till all their eyes with his eyes met alike  
, On faire *Vitullia*; who his heart did strike.

*Vitullia* faire, yet browne, So mixt together,  
As Art and Nature stroue, which was the purest:  
So sweet her similings were, a grace to either,  
That heauens glorie in that face seem'd truest.  
, *Venus* excepted; when the God her wooed,  
, Was ne're so faire, so tempting yet so good.

VVonder not Mortalls, though all *Poets* faine,  
The *Muses* Graces were in this She's fauour:  
, Nor wonder, though he stroue his tongue to gaine,  
For I leese mine, in thinking of his labour.  
, Well may he loue, I write, & all wits praise her,  
, She's so all humble; Learning cannot raire her.

*Daphantus*

## The Passions of Lone.

, Daiphantus oft sigh't Oh; oft said faire,  
, Then lookes, and sighes: and thē cryes wonderfull;  
, Thus did he long : and trueiy t'was not rare  
, The obiect was, which made his mind so dull.  
Pray pardon him; for better to cry Oh,  
Then feele that passio which caused him sigh so.

Now, all were silent, not alone this Louer :  
Till came Ismenio, Brother to this Saint, (proue her,  
Whose haste made sweate, his tongue he could not  
For this aga'st him that his heart was saint:

Thus all amaz'd; none knowing any cause,  
,, Ismenio breathlesse, here had time to paule.

At length Ismenio, who had wit and skill,  
Question'd the reason of this strange effect:  
At last related (Haste out went his will)  
He told them, he was sent them to dire & (please,  
VVhere hunting sports their eyes should better  
Who first went foorth, Daiphantus most did ease.

They gone, Daiphantus to his Standish hies,  
Thinkes in his wris Vitullia's beauties weare,  
But what he wrote, his Muse not iustifies,  
Bids him take time. "Loue badly writes in feare:  
Her worthy praise if he would truly wite,  
Her Kisses, Nector, must the same indite.

Art

## The Passions of Loue.

(Art and sweet nature, let your influence droppe  
From me like rayne; Yes, yes, in g olden shewres :  
,,(VWhole end is Vertue, let him neuer stoppe)  
But fall on her like dewe on sprinkling flowers:  
That both together meetung, may beget  
An *orpheus*, Two Iews in a foyle richly set.

Thus Rauisht, then distracted as was deem'd,  
Not taught to write of Loue in this extreame,  
In Loue, in feare, yea, trembling as it seem'd,  
If praising her, he should not keepe the meane:  
Thus vext he wept, his teares intreated pittie,  
,,(But Loue vncoustant, iunes a wofull Dittie.

Now kneels to *Venus*, Faithfulnesse protested,  
To this, none else, this was his onely Saint,  
Vow'd e're her seruice, Or to be arrested  
To *Venus* Censure; Thus he left to faint:  
His Loue brought wit, & wit engendred Sprite,  
True loue and wit, thus learn'd him to indite.

As the milde lambe, runs forth frō shepheards fold,  
By rauenous Woolues is caught and made a praye:  
So is my Sence, by which Loue taketh hold,  
Tormented more then any tongue can saye:  
The difference is, they torturde so doe dic,  
I feede the torment, breeds my miserie.

Con-

The Passions of Loue.

, Consum'd by her I liue, such is her glory,  
, Despis'd of her I loue, I more adore her,  
Ile ne're write ought, but of her vertues storie,  
,, Beautie vnblasted is the eyes rich storier.  
If I should die; Oh who would ring loues knell?  
,, Faint not *Daiphantus*, wile mac loue not so well.

Like Heauens Artist the Astronomer,  
Gazing on Starres oft, so the Earth doth fall,  
So I *Daiphantus*, now Loues Harbinger,  
Am quite condemned, to Loues Funerall:  
,, VVho falls by women, by them oft doth rise,  
,, Ladyes haue lips to kisse as well as Eyes.

But tush, thou foole, thou louest all thou seest, (neuer  
VVho once thou louest, thou shouldst change her  
Constant in Loue *Daiphantus* see thou beest,  
If thou hope comfort, Loue but once, and euer.

*Fortune*, Oh, be so good to let me finde  
A Ladie liuing, of this constant minde.

Oh, I would weare her, in my hearts heart-gore,  
And place her on the continent of Starres:  
Thinke heauē and earth like her, had not one more,  
VVould fight for her, till all my face were skarres.  
, But if that women be such fickle Shees,  
,, Men may be like them in infirmities.

E.

Oh,

## The Passions of Loue.

Oh no; *Daiphantes*, women are not so,  
Tis but then shadowes ( Pictures meerly painted:  
Then turne poore louer, (Oh heauen) not to my wo  
Then to *Vitulia*: with that word he fainted,  
Yet she that wounds, did heale, like her no lieauen  
„Ods in a man, a woman can make eu'en.

Oh (My) *Vitulia*, let me write (That) downe,  
Oh sweete *Vitulia*; nature made thee sweete,  
Oh kind *Vitulia*; (Truth hath the surcest ground:  
Ile weepe, or laugh, so that our hearts may meet:  
„Loue is nece talwayes merry, nor still weeping,  
„A drop of each, Loues ioycs gie swets in sleeping

(Her name) in golden letters on my brest Ile graue,  
Around my temples in a garland weare,  
My art shall be, her fauour for to haue:  
My learning still, her honour high to reare,  
My lips shall cloze, but to her sacred name  
My tongue be silent, but to spread her Fame.

In Woodes, Groaues, Hills, *Vitullias* name shall ring  
In Medowes, Orchards, Gardens, sweetest & faire,  
Ile learne the birds, her name alone to sing:  
All Quires shall chaunt it in a heauenly Aire,  
The Day shall be her Visher; Night her Page:  
Heauen her Pallace, and this Earth her stage.  
Virgins,

**The Passions of Loue.**

, Virgins pure chastnes in her eyes shall be,  
, Women, true loue from her true mind shall learne,  
, Widdowes, their mourning in her face shall see,  
, Children, their dutie in her speech discerne:

And all of them in loue with each but I,  
Who feare her loue, will make me feare to die.

, My Oritons are still to please this creature,  
, My valour sleepes, but when she is defended:  
, My wits still laded, but when I praile her feature,  
, My life is hers. In her begun, and ended.

Oh happy day, wherein I weare not willow:  
Thrice blessed night; wherin her brest's my pillow.

, Ile serue her, as the Mistresse of all pleasure,  
, Ile loue her, as the Goddesse of my soule:  
, Ile keepe her, as the lewell of all treasure,  
, Ile liue with her; yet out of loues controule:  
, That all may know; I will not from her part,  
, Ile double locke her, in my lips and heart.

, If ere I sigh, It shall be for her pittie,  
, If ere I mourne, her Funeral drawes neare:  
, If ere I sing: her vertue is the dittie,  
, If ere I smile, her beautie is the spheare:  
, All that I doe, is that I may admire her,  
, All that I wish, is that I still desire her.

## The Passions of Loue.

But peace *Daiphantus*: Musickē is onely sweete,  
Whien without discord; A Consort makes a heauē,  
The eare is rauisht, whent iue vii yees meete,  
,, Oddes, but in Musickē never makes things euēn.

In voyces difference, breeds a pleantan Dittie;  
In loue, a difference brings a scorntull pittie.

Vvhose was the tongue, *Euriale* defended?  
Vvhose was the wit, *Vrania* did praisē?  
Vvhose were the lips *Artesias* voice commended?  
Whose was the hart, Iou'd all, al crown'd with baies:  
Sure t'was my selfe; what did I? O I tremble,  
Yet Ile not weep, wile men may loue dissemble.

Fie no, fond loue hath euer his reward,  
A Sea of teares, A world of sighes and grones:  
Ah me, *Vitulsa* will haue no regard  
To ease my grieve, and cure me of my mones :  
If once her eare, shoulde hearken to that voyce  
Relates my Fortunes in Loues fickle choysē.

But now, I will their worth with her's declare,  
That Truth by Error, may haue her true beeing,  
,, Things good, are lessned by the thing that's rare,  
,Beautie increaseth, by a blacknesse seeing.  
, Wo so is faire and chaste, they sure are best,  
, Such is *Vitulsa*, such are all the rest.

But.

## The Passions of Loue.

, But she is faire, and chaste, and wise, what then?  
, So are they all, without a difference:  
, She's faire, chaste, wise, and kinde, yes to all men,  
The rest are so: Number makes Excellence.  
, She's faire, chaste, wise, kind, rich, yet humble,  
, They three her equall: "virtue can neuer stumble.

, *Vitulia* is the Sunne, they starres of night,  
, Yet night's the bosome wherin the Sun doth rest:  
, The Moone her selfe borrowes of the Suns light,  
, All by the starres take counsell to be blest,  
, The day's the Sunne: yet *Cupid* can it blind,  
, The stars at night: sleepe cures & troubled mind.

, She is a Rose, the fairer, so the sweeter,  
, She is a Lute, whose belly tunes the Musick,  
, She is my Prole, yet makes me speake all Meeter,  
, She is my life, yet sicknes me with Phisicke:  
, She is a Virgin, that makes her a Iewell,  
, She will not loue me, therein she is cruell.

, *Euriale* is like sleepe when one is wearie;  
, *Vrania* is like a golden flumber,  
, *Artesias* voyce, like dreames that makes man merry,  
, *Vitullia*, like a Bed, all these incomber. (best,  
1 Sleepe, 2 Slumber, 3 Dreames, vpon a 4 Bed is  
First, Second, Third, but in the Fourth is blest.

The Passions of Love.

Oh, but *Vitulia*, what? She's wonders prittie,  
Oh I, and what? so is she very faire;  
Ohyes, and what? she's like her selfe most wittie:  
And yet, what is she? She is all but Aire.

What can Earth be, but Earth? so we are all,  
, Peace then my *Muse*; Opinion oft doth fall.

, *Euriale*, I honour for humilitie,  
, *Vrania*, I reverence for her wit,  
, *Artesia*, I adore for true agillitie,  
, Three *Graces* for the Goddesses most fit:  
Each of these gifts are blessed in their faces,  
Oh, what's *Vitulia*, who hath all these Graces?

She's but a Ladie, So are all the rest,  
As pure, as sweet, as modest, yea as loyall;  
Yes, She's the shadow (shadowes are the rest)  
Which tells the houre of vertue by her Dyall:  
, By her, men see there is on earth a heauen,  
, By the, men know her vertues are match't even

In praysing all, much time he vainly spent,  
Yet thought none worthy but *Vitulia*;  
Thence al'd to minde, he could not well repent  
The loue he bare the wise *Vrania*.

*Euriale*, *Artesia*, all, such beauties had,      (mad.  
Which as they pleas'd him, made him well nigh

*Euria*.

## The Passions of Love.

; *Euriale*, her beautie his eye-sight harmed,  
, *Vrania*, her wit his tongue incensed,  
, *Artesia*, her voyce, his eares had charmed,  
, Thus poore *Daiphantus*, was with loue tormented.

*Vitullus* beautie as he did impart,  
The others vertues vanquished his heart.

At length he grew, as in an extasie.  
Twixt loue and loue, whose beautie was the truer,  
His thoughts thus diuers as in a Lunacie,  
He starts and stares, to see whose was the purer :  
Oft treads a Maze, runs, suddenly then stayes,  
Thus with himselfe, himself makes many frayes.

Now with his fingers, like a Barber snaps,  
Playes with the fire-pan, as it were a Lute,  
Unties his shoo-strings, then his lips he laps,  
Whistles awhile, and thinkes it is a Flute:  
At length, a glasse presents it to his sight,  
Where well he acts, fond loue in passions right.

His chin he strokes, sweares beardless men kisse best,  
His lips annoynts, layes Ladyes vse such fashions,  
Spets on his Napkin; termes that the Bathing left,  
Then on the dust, describes the Courtiers passion.  
Then humble cal's : though they do still aspire,  
'Ladies then fall, when Lords rile by Desire.

Then

## The Passions of Loue.

Then stradling goes, saies Frenchmen feare no  
Vowes he will trauaile, to the Siege of Breſt, (Beares  
Swears Capitaines, they doe all against the heare:  
Protests Tabacco, is A smoke-dride Iest,

Takes vp his pen, for a Tabacco-pipe;  
Thus all beimeard, each lip the other wipē.

His breath, he thinkes the smoke, his tongue a cole,  
Then calls for bottell-ale; to quench his thirst:  
Runs to his Inke-pot, drinkeſ, then flops the hole,  
And thus growes madder, then he was at first.

*Taffo*, he finds, by that of *Hamlet*, thinkes (drinks.  
Teaimes him a mad-man; than of his Inkhorne

Calls Players fooleſ, the foole he iudgeth wiſeſt,  
Will learne them Action, out of *Chaucer's Pander*:  
Proues of their Poets bawdes euen in the highest,  
Then drinkeſ a health; and sweares it is no slander.

Puts off his cloathes; his shirt he onely weareſ,  
Much like mad-*Hamlet*; thus as Passion teareſ.

Who calls me forth from my diſtracted thought?  
Oh *Serberus*, if thou, I prethy I speake?  
Reuenge if thou? I was thy Riuall ought,  
In purple gores Ile make the ghosts to reake:  
*Vitullia*, oh *Vitullia*, be thou ſtill,  
Ile haue reuenge, or harrow vp my will.

Ile

## The Passions of Loue.

Ile fallow vp the wrinkles of the earth,  
Goe downe to Hell and knocke at Pluroes gate,  
Ile turne the hilles to vallies: make a dearth  
, Of vertuous honour to eternall Fate.

Ile beat the windes, & make the rydes keepe back,  
Reigne in the sea, That Louers haue no wrack.

Yes, tell the Earth, it is a Murderer,  
Hath slayne *Vitullia*, oh, *Vitullia's* dead:  
Ile count blinde *Cupid* for a Conjuror,  
And with wilde hortles will I rend his head.

I with a Pickax, will plucke out his braines,  
Laugh at this Boy, eare Louers of much paines.

Oh then, Ile flie, Ile swim, yet stay; and then  
Ile ride the Moone, & make the cloudes my Horse,  
, Make me a Ladder of the heads of men,  
Clime vp to heauen: yes, my tongue will force  
To Gods and Angels, Oh, Ile never end,  
Till for *Vitullia* all my cryes I spend.

Then like a spirit of pure Innocence,  
Ile be all white, and yet behold Ile cry  
Reuenge, Oh Louers this my sufferance,  
Or else for Loue, for Loue, a soule must die.

*Euriale, Franja, Artesia, Soe:*  
Heart rent in funder, with these words of woe.

F

But

## The Passions of Loue.

But soft, here comes: who comes? and not calls out  
Of Rape and Murder, Loue and Villanie:  
,,Stay wretched man, (whorun's doth neuer doubt  
It is thy Soule, thy Saint, thy Deitie:  
Then call the Birds to sing a mourning Knell,  
For mad *Daiphantus*, who doth loue so well.

Oh sing a Song<sup>9</sup>, parted in parcels three,  
Ile beare the burthen still of all your griesse,  
,,Who is all woe, can tunc his miserie  
,,To discontents, but not to his relieve.  
Oh kisse her, kisse her, And yet do not do so: (wo.  
. They bring somedoy, but with shoke joyes long

Vpon his knees; Oh Goddesses behold,  
A Caitife wretch bemoning his mishappe,  
If euer pittie, were hired without gold,  
Lament *Daiphantus*, once in Fortunes Lappe: /ber,  
Lament *Daiphantus*, whose good deeds now flü-  
Lamēta louer, whose wo no tongue can number.

My woes: there did he stay, fell to the ground,  
Rightly diuided into blood and teares,  
As if those words had giuen a mortall wound,  
So lay he foming, with the waight of cares.

Who this had seene, and seeing had not wept,  
Their hearts were sure from crosses euer kept.

The

## The Passions of Love.

The Ladies all, who late from hunting came,  
Untimely came, to view this Mappe of sorrow,  
Surely all wept, and sooth it was no shame,  
For, from his grief, the world might truly borrow.

As he lay loecheisse, grou'ling, all vndrest,  
So they stood weeping, silence was their best.

*Ifmenio* with these Ladies bare a part, (why,  
And moch bemoan'de him, though he knew not  
But kinde compassion strooke him to the heart,  
To see him mad: much better see one die.

Thus walkes *Ifmenio*, and yet oft did pause:  
At length, A writing made him know the cause.

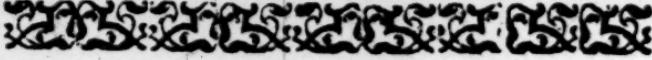
He read, till words like thunder pierst his hart;  
He sigh't, till sorrow seem'd it selfe to mourne,  
He wept, till teares like ysafles did parr,  
He pitied so that pistic harte did scorne.

He read to sigh, and wepe for Pitties sake,  
The less he read, the less his heart did quake.

At length resolu'd, he vp the writing takes,  
And to the Ladies travells as with childe,  
The birth was Loue, such loue as diseas'd makes;  
The Midwife *Patiencie*, thus in words full milde.

He wrot with teares, that which with blood was  
The more he read, the more they pitied it. (whir,

F 2 They



## The Passions of Loue.

They looke vpon *Daiphantus*, he not seeing,  
And wondred at him, but his sence was parted,  
They lou'd him much; though little was his beeing,  
And sought to cure him, thogh he was faine harted :

*Ismenio* thus, with speed resolues to ease him,  
By a sweet song, his Sister should appease him.

*Ismenio* was resolu'd, he would be eased,  
And was resolu'd, of no meanes, but by Musick,  
Which is so heauenly that it hath released  
The danger oft, not to be cur'd by Phisick.

Her tongue and hand, thus married together  
Could not but please him, who so loued either.

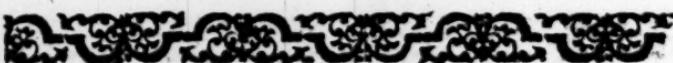
But first before his madnesse were alayd,  
They offred Incence at *Dianas* Shrine,  
And much besought her, now to be apayd :  
Which was soone granted to these Saints diuine.

Yet so : that mad *Daiphantus* must agree,  
Neuer to loue, but live in Chastitie.

Thus they adjur'd him, by the Gods on high,  
Neuer hence foorth to shoote with *Cupids* Quiuer,  
Nor loue to feine; for ther's no remedie,  
If once relapst, then was he mad for ever :

Tortur'd *Daiphantus*, now a signe did make,  
And kinde *Ismenio*, this did vndertake.

Then



## The Passions of Loue.

Then gan *Artesia* play vpon her Lute,  
Whose voyce sang sweetly, now a mourning Ditty,  
, Loue her admir'd, thogh he that lou'd were mute,  
*Cupid* himselfe feard he should sue for pittie.

Oh, wondrous vertue! words spokē are but wind,  
But sung to prick-song, they are ioyes diuine.

, I heard her sing, but still methought I dreamed,  
, I heard her play, but I methought did sleepe,  
, The Day and Night, till now were neuer weanc'd,  
, *Venus*, and *Dian* rauisht; both did weepe.  
, They which each hated, now agreed to say,  
, This was the Goddesse both of night and day.

My heart and eares, so rauisht with her voyce,  
I still forgot; what still I heard her sing  
The tune: Surely of Sonnets this was all the choice,  
Poets do keepe it as a charming thing.  
, What thinke you of the ioyes that *Daiphatus* had,  
, When for such Musick I would still be mad?

The Birdes came chirping to the windowes round,  
And so stood still, as if they rauisht weare,  
Beasts forth the forrest came, brought with the sound,  
The Lyon layd him downe as if in feare.

The Fishes in fresh Riuers swam to shore,  
, Yea, had not Nature stayd them, had done more.

**The Passions of Loue.**

This was a sight, whose eyes had euer seene?  
This was a voice, such musick nere was heard,  
This paradise was it, where who had bene  
, Might well haue thought of hell and not a feare.  
Sure hell it selfe, was heauen in this tpheare,  
, Mad-men, wild beasts, & all, here tained weare.

Like as a King his chaire of state ascendeth,  
(Being newly made a God vpon the earth:  
In stately amounts till step by step, he endeth,  
Thinkes it to heauen A true assending bith:  
So hies *Daiphantus*, on his legs and teete,  
As it *Daiphantus*, now some God should meeete.

He lookes vpon himselfe, not without wonder,  
He wonders at himselfe, what he might be:  
He laughes vnto himselfe, thinkes he's a slumber,  
He weepes vnto himselfe, himselfe to see:  
And sure to heare and see what he had done,  
Might make him swaere, but now g world begun.

Fully reviued, at last *Artesia* east,  
When Beasts and Birds, so hideous noise did make  
That almost all turnd furie, feare was the least,  
Yea such a feare, as forc't them cry and quake.  
Till that *Daiphantus*, more of reason had,  
Then they which mon'd him, lately being mad.

He

## The Passions of Love.

He with more ioy, than words could well declare,  
And with more words, than his new tongue could  
Did striue to speake, such was his loue & care (tell,  
Thus to be thankfull : But yet knew not well,  
VVhether his tongue, not tun'd vnto his hart,  
Or modest silence, wold best a g his part.

But speake he will; then giue attentiuē eare  
To heare him tell a wofull Louers storie,  
His hands and eyes to heauen vp did he reare:  
Griefe taught him speech; though he to speake were  
But whatsoeuer be a Louers passion, (lorrie.  
*Daphnus* speakes his, in a mourning fashion.

As o're the Mountains walkes, the wandring soule  
Seeking for rest in his vntresting spirit,  
So good *Daiphantus* (thinking to introule  
Himselfe in grace, by telling of loues merit)  
VVas so distracted, how he should commend it,  
VVhere he began, he wished still to end it.

## The Passions of Loue.

1 Beauty & 2, wit did 1 wound & 2 pearce my heart,  
3 Musicke and 4 Fauour 3 gain'd and 4 kept it sure:  
Loue lead by 3 Fancie to the 4 last I part,  
Loue lead by Reason to the first is uer.

3 Beautie and wit first conquered, made me yeild  
3 Musique & 4 Fauour, rescued, got the field.

To 1 Wit and 2 Beautie, my first loue I giue,  
Musicke 3 & 4 Fauours, my second loue haue gaind,  
All made me mad: and all did me reliue:  
Though one recur'd me, when I was lustaind:

Thus troth to say, to all I loue did owe,  
Therefore to all my loue I euer vowe.

1 & 2

Thus to the first his right hand he did tender,  
His left hand to the 3 & 4 last, most louingly, 4:  
His tongue kind thankes, first to the last did render,  
The while his lookes were bent indifferently:

Thus he salutes all, & to increase his Blisses,  
From lip to lip, each Ladie now he kisses.

Ismenio (in humble wise salutes he)

With gracious language he returns his heart,  
His words so sweetly to his tongue now suites he,  
As what he spake, shew'd learning with good Art.

Ismenio please Daiphantus, Daiphantus all,

„When loue, gaines loue, for loue; this loue we cal

Vrania

## The Passions of Loue.

Prania now, bethought what was protested  
By yong Ismenio at Dianas shrine;  
Coniur'd Daiphantus, That no more he Icted,  
With Loue or Fancie, for they were Diuine:  
And if he did, that there they all would pray,  
He still might liue in loue, both night and day.

This greeu'd him much, but follie twas to grieue,  
His now obedience shew'd his owne freewill:  
Heswore he would not loue (in shewe) a chieue,  
But liue a virgin, chaste and spotlesse still.

Which saide : such Musick suddenly delighted,  
As all were rauish't, and yet all affrighted.

Here parted all, not without Ioy and sadnes,  
Some wept, some similde, a world it was to here them:  
Both springs heere met, woe heere was cloath'd with gladnes:  
Heauen was their comfort, it alone did cheere them.

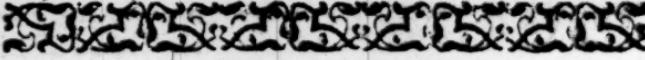
Daiphantus from these springs, some fruit did gather,  
,, Experience is an Infant, though an ancient father.

Sweet Lady knowe the soule lookes through our eye-  
,, Content liues not in shewes, or beauty seeing, (sighes,  
,, Peace not from nomber, nor strength in high p'rits:  
,, Ioy dies with vertue, yet liues in vertues being.

,, Beautie is maskt, where vertue is not hidden,  
,, Man still desires that fruite he's most forbidden.

G

Iewells



## The Passions of Loue.

„Jewels for Vertue, not for beautie prizde,  
„Whats sildome seen breeds wonder, we admir'de it:  
„Kings Lincs are rare: and therefore well aduiz'de,  
„Wife-men not often talke, Fooles still desire ir.  
„Womē are books(kept close) they hold much trea-  
„Vnclaspt: sweet ills: most woe lies hid in pleasure.

„Who studies Arts alike, can he proue Doctor?  
„Who surfeits hardly liues? Drunkards recover:  
„Whose wilts his law, that cōscience needs no Proctor;  
„Whē men turn beasts looke there for briutish Louers.  
„Those eies are pore-blind, looke equally on any,  
„Thought be a vertue to hinder one by many.

„Who gains by trauel, leese lordships for their Manors,  
„Must Tarquin-tauish some; Hell on that glory, (nois,  
„Whose life's in Healths, death soonest gains those Ba-  
„Lust still is punish't, though treason write the storie.  
„A rowling eye, A Globe, new worlds discouer,  
„Who still wheels round, is But a damned Louer.

„Doth Faith and Troth lye Bathing? Is Lust pleasure?  
„Can Commons be as sweete, as Land incloſ'd?  
„Then virgin sinne may well be counted pleasure,  
„Where such Lords rule, wholives not ill dispos'd?  
„True Love's a Phenix, but One vntill it dyes,  
„Lust is a Cockatrice, in all, but in hereyes.

Here



## The Passions of Love.

Here did he end, more blessed than his wishes.

(Fame's at the high when Love insights the Story: )

„The priuate life brings with it heauenly blisses.

*„Sweete Contemplation much increaseth glorie:*

He leane him to the learning of *Loves Spell*,

,, Better part friends, than follow Feends to hell.

Ismenio, with Vitellia went together,

Perhaps both wounded with blinde Cupids Dart,

Yet durst they not relate their Love to either,

„Love is once pittid pearcerh to the Hart:

But faire *Venilia*, is so faire a Marke,

*Cupid would court her, though but by the darke.*

*Artesia, she must goe (the more she's grieu'd)*

To churlish Strymon, her adopted Mate,

*Cupid though blind, yet pittied and relieu'd,*

This modest Lady with some happy Fate:

,,For what but Virtue, which doth all good nourish,

, Could brook her fortunes, much less loue & cherish

*Euriala*, with good *Vrania Nayd*:

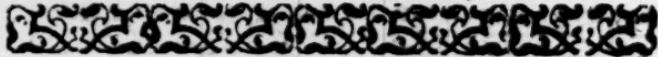
,(VVhere Virtue dwels they onely had their being)

,,Beauty and wit still feare, are not dismayd,

, For where they dwell, Love euer will be prying.

**These two, were one, All good, each could impart,**

**One was their Fortune, and one was their heart.**



## The Passions of Loue.

„Beautie and Vertue, was the Friend to either,  
„Heauen is the spheare, where all men seeke for glorie:  
„Earth is the Graue, where sinners ioyne together,  
„Hell keepes the booke, in rowles each lustfull storie.  
„Liue as we will, death makes of all conclusion,  
„Die then to liue, or life is thy confusion.

Beautie and wit in these, fed on affection,  
Labour and industry, were their Twins of life:  
Loue, and true Bounty, were in their subencion,  
Their Bodies with their spirits had no strife.  
Such were these two, As grace did them defend,  
Such are these two, As with these two I end.

FINIS.

*Non Amoris sed Virtus.*



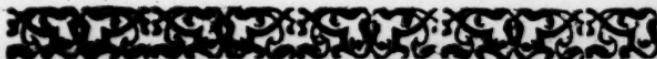
# The Passionate mans Pil- grimage, supposed to be written by *one at the point of death.*

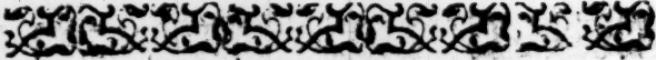
**G**ive me my Scallop shell of quiet,  
My staffe of Faith to walke vpon,  
My Scrip of Joy, Immortall diet,  
My bottle of saluation :  
My Gowne of Glory, hopes true gage,  
And thus Ile take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my bodies balmer,  
No other balme will there be giuen  
Whilst my soule like a white Palmer  
Trauels to the land of heauen,  
Ouer the siluer mountaines,  
Where spring the Nectar fountaines :  
And there Ile kisse  
The Bowle of blisse,  
And drinke my eternall fill  
On euery milken hill.  
My soule will be a drie before,  
But after it, will nere thirst more.

H

And





### *The passionate mans Pilgrimage.*

And by the happie blisfull way  
More peacefull Pilgrims I shall see,  
That haue shooke off their gownes of clay,  
And goe appareld fresh like mee.

Ile bring them first  
To slake their thirst,  
And then to tast those Nectar suckets  
At the cleare wells  
Where sweetnes dwells,  
Drawne vp by Saints in Christall buckets.

And when our bottles and all we,  
Are fild w ith immortallitie:  
Then the holy paths weeke trauell  
Strewde with Rubies thicke as grauell,  
Seelings of Diamonds, Saphire floores,  
High walles of Corall and Pearle Bowres.

From thence to heauens Bribeles hall  
Where no corrupted voyces brall,  
No Conscience molten into gold,  
Nor forg'd accusers bought and sold,  
No cause deferd, nor vaine spent Iorney,  
For there Christ is the Kings Attorney:  
VVho pleades for all without degrees,  
And he hath Angells, but no fees.

When





### *The passionate Mans Pilgrimage.*

VVhen the grand twelue million Iury,  
Of our sinnes and sinfull fury,  
Gainst our soules blacke verdicts giue,  
Christ pleades his death, and then we liue,  
Be thou my speake raintiles pleader,  
Vnblotted Lawyer, true proceeder,  
Thou mouest saluation even for almes,  
Not with a bribed Lawyers palmes.

And this is my eternall plea,  
To him that made Heauen, Earth and Sea,  
Seeing my flesh must die so soone,  
And want a head to dine next noone,  
Iust at the stroke when my vaines start and  
Set on my soule an euelasting head. (spred  
Then am I readie like a palmer fit,  
To tread those blest paths which before I

(writ.

FINIS.